

THE ^{1078 e 14}
Screw-Plot
DISCOVER'D:

O R,
K. Paul's St. & Church, Canterbury
St. Paul's
PRESERV'D.

En quo perduxit Stolidos Discordia Cives.



LONDON:
Printed in the Year, 1710.
Price Two-Pence.

1078 6 10

DISCOVERED

PRESSER A.D.

For the purpose of the London Convention

6 27
106



LONDON.
Printed in the Year 1804

THE

Screw-Plot Discover'd, &c.

NO more I write of War and Arms,
 Of Love and its endearing Charms,
 Of *Marlbro's* glorious Victories,
 Of *Sylvia's* Breasts, or *Celia's* Eyes;
 These Things are far above my Aim,
 And do a nobler *Genius* claim:
 Nor shall I touch on State Affairs,
 On *High-Church Priests*; or *Old Lord-Mayors*;
 The former I ye with Impudence,
 The latter in their own Defence;
 Of Crowns and Kingdoms bought and sold,
 Or Statesmen brib'd with foreign Gold:
 Tho' if I wou'd my Malice show,
 I might tell more Truths than you know;
 Of various Kinds, of Ways and Tricks,
Italian Frauds, *Welsh Politicks*;
 How Coxcombs are by Knaves betray'd,
 And govern'd by a Chambermaid,

1078 9 12
THE
Society-Place
DISCOVERED

OF
THE
Society-Place
P R E S E R V E D

In and by the Society-Place

6 27
106



LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1704

THE

Screw-Plot Discover'd, &c.

NO more I write of War and Arms,
 Of Love and its endearing Charms,
 Of *Marlbro's* glorious Victories,
 Of *Sylvia's* Breasts, or *Celia's* Eyes;
 These Things are far above my Aim,
 And do a nobler *Genius* claim:
 Nor shall I touch on State Affairs,
 On *High-Church Priests*, or *Old Lord-Mayors*;
 The former I ye with Impudence,
 The latter in their own Defence;
 Of Crowns and Kingdoms bought and sold,
 Or Statesmen brib'd with foreign Gold:
 Tho' if I wou'd my Malice show,
 I might tell more Truths than you know;
 Of various Kinds, of Ways and Tricks,
Italian Frauds, *Welsh Politicks*;
 How Coxcombs are by Knaves betray'd,
 And govern'd by a Chambermaid,

Who (if to say it was but Civil)
 Has Tricks enough to cheat the Devil,
 Yet, if my Cunning is n't past,
 She will be trick'd herself at last:
 Nor will I sing of sinking Credit,
 At least I must n't say who did it;
 Nor shall I say that Money's scanty,
 Or, that the Queen's Exchequer's empty;
 I might indeed launch out afar,
 And raise Supplies for next Year's War;
 Tell how to free us all from Debt,
 For all these Things are unknown yet;
 But laying aside these Blots of State,
 I other Stories must relate.
 Let *Whiggs* turn out, and *Tories* rule,
 The Man that meddles is a Fool,
 For though no Danger now appears,
 The Law, perhaps, may crop his Ears;
 But as for my Part I'll not clatter
 About such high and lofty Matters,
 But leave it wholly to my Betters;
 For as I am a harmless Poet,
 Nor care I tho' all Mankind know it,
 Yet sure I am it can't be said,
 That what I Write, I Write for Bread.

No Faith, says one, that may be true,
He'd be as great a Fool as you,
That gives you Bread for what you do.

So much by way of short Digression,
And if I may but use th' Expression,
God bless the Queen with all my Heart,
For others I care not a Farthing;
And thus I've finish'd my Essay,
On what I further have to say.

Walking abroad one Morning early,
Thinking to visit Mrs. Farley,
Who was a Saint in Days of Yore,
And now takes Care to keep their Poor;
In short, without all Ostentation,
She thrives by others Copulation,
And lives genteel by Procreation:
I meets a Country Friend of mine,
Who needs would drink a Glasse of Wine,
But I who knew my Money scanty,
And felt my Packets almost empty,
At length by Reason did prevail
To change the Liquor into Ale;
My first Design thus laid aside,
We both on's rambl'd up Cheap-side;

And near the Place where Rogues in Carts
 Descend to meet with their Deserts;
 We enter'd in, and, as you may think,
 We sat us down, and call'd for Drink;
 The Room was mostly fill'd with *Carmen*,
Pimps, *Porters*, and such kind of Vermin,
 With various odd look'd Sort of Fellows,
 Who had by Fortune escap'd the Gallows:
 A Hector held the chiefest Place,
 With a red Nose, and ruby Face,
 Who, after having drank around,
 And call'd for more with Voice profound,
 Began to make a Stir I wot,
 Of something that he call'd a *Plot*,
 Which, with his various Aggravations,
 Was laid against the *Church* and *Nation*;
 And after having damn'd their Souls,
 Who stole the Bolts and Screws from *P—*'s,
 With many a hearty *Tory* Curse,
 For which some Folks may fare the worse;
 He swore he knew their chief Design,
 It was the *Church* to undermine,
 And further more 'twas their Intent
 To blow up *Church* and *Government*:
 ' But Faith, says he, my Life upon't,
 ' I'll quickly find the Bottom on't;

' The *Whigs* shall smart for what they've done,
 ' We'll hang 'em every Mother's Son;
 ' And e'er the *Church* shall want Defender,
 ' I'll ny Assistance freely lend her;
 ' And I defy all Men ('tis true)
 ' To tell the World what I can do.

' Hold, says a *Critick* standing by,
 ' You talk you know not what, nor why:
 ' But by the Scheme of your Discourse,
 ' You may prove Hog to be a Horse;
 ' For if the *Whiggs* did so design
 ' Our sacred *Church* to undermine;
 ' If as you say 'twas their Intent
 ' To blow up *Church* and *Government*;
 ' 'Twas Nonsense to begin at Top,
 ' That throws it down, not blows it up.

With that, a Soldier vers'd in Wars,
 Altho' he had no Wounds nor Scars,
 Thinking his *Coat* was *Courage* Proof,
 And for his *Carcase* safe enough;
 Advanc'd himself above the rest,
 And thus the *Company* address'd;
 ' D—— it, quoth he, you're neither right,
 ' But both are wrong, and I'll stand by't:

- There are a Sort of vile *Fanaticks*,
- A wily, proud, precise *Pragmaticks*,
- A silly senseless Sort of People,
- Who value neither *Church* nor *Steeple*;
- These had the Plot so deeply laid,
- Which was design'd, as it is said;
- Not that I value all Report,
- But Faith I had it near the *Court*;
- And therefore Gentlemen believe it,
- In the same Words that I shall give:
- This Plot they had so deeply laid,
- Though now I find they are betray'd;
- That, when on last *Thanksgiving-Day*,
- The Queen to *Paul's* shou'd make her Way;
- Which being known to our *Dissenters*,
- Who always are in such Adventures,
- Design'd amongst themselves, 'tis said,
- To throw the *Church* down on Her Head;
- Which I am apt to credit rather,
- 'Cause they beheaded Her Grandfather,
- And in his Place advanc'd a *Hector*,
- Which, to this Day they call Protector:
- If Power they want, they want not Will
- To carry on the same Work still,
- But finding that wou'd never do,
- Thought this most feas'ble of the two:

‘ And now you see their whole Intent
 ‘ Of Plots against the Government.
 Thus having ended this his Speech,
 He sets him down upon his Breach.

A Maid that was both old and stale,
 Sat Laughing o’er a Pot of Ale:
 Ye Sots, said she, I am a Woman,
 But let ye know I value no Man;
 D’ye think so strong and vast a Fabrick,
 Can be o’erthrown as soon as a Brick;
 Here you indeed make mighty Doe
 About a nasty Screw or two,
 And boldly charge the poor Dissenters
 With Plots and Crimes at all Adventures
 (Tho’ by the By, pray let me tell ye,
 Their Money serves to fill your Bellies)
 As if they did (as you opine)
 The Church and State both undermine;
 But never heed your flaming Parson,
 Who sily aims at its Subversion;
 And under the Cloak of Religion,
 Wou’d prove the Queen to be a Widgeon;
 Believe me, ’twas such Sots as you,
 That stole away the Bolts and Screws;

And you what'er you please may think,
But they that did it, did't for Drink.
 When finding they'd no more to say,
 She paid her Pence, and went away:
 No sooner was she out of Door,
 But Hector rose and call'd her *Whore*,
 And swore it was a Crime of State,
 That Women sawcily shou'd prate;
 But if he cou'd obtain his Will,
 A Woman's Tongue shou'd be laid still;
 For 'tis'nt fit — *But, ads my Life,*
 (Cries he) *here comes the Whore my Wife;*
 Which in a Trice the Conference broke,
 And 'twas the first true Word he spoke;
 In breaks the Woman with a Violence,
 And quickly broke their forced Silence.

Sirrah, says she, and as she said,
 She laid the Pot about his Head:
A'nt you a Villain thus to use me?
Am I your Wife, and you abuse me?
I brought you many a Score of Pounds,
Which you have spent amongst these Hounds;
And now there's nothing will content ye
Till you have left me bare and empty;

But, Faith tho', 'twill be a little Pains,
 Before you do't I'll probe your Brains.
 Whilst you sit Guzzling all the Day,
 And leave me here long Scores to Pay;
 Whilst I am running far and near,
 Your Guts are fill'd with good Strong Beer;
 But I, you Rascal, after all
 Am forc'd to be content with Small:
 Come, — What a Pox, you ugly Cur,
 How often must I bid you stir,
 Go, — Get you Home, you Dog, and then
 Let me but catch you here again;
 And since you've urg'd me to't, I'll say't,
 I'll break your Drunken Cuckold's Pate.

Our Hector had no more to say,
 But up he gets and went his Way,
 Leaving the rest of th' Sots to Pay.
 Bully no sooner made his Exit,
 But all the Company were vexed;
 Says one, indeed, he values no Man,
 But yet he scorn'd to strike a Woman,
 Or else he swore upon his Life,
 He'd ha' made Mummy of his Wife;
 And all concluded 'twas n'r fit
 Man shou'd oppose a Woman's Wit.

My *Country* Friend, who all this while
 Was hearkening, now began to smile
 To hear poor *Hector* sink and damu,
 And then grow quiet as a Lamb,
 Whilst *Joan* his Wife lift up her Throat
 In the Defence of Petticoat;
 From whence he found that she did rule,
 He was a Sot, and she no Fool.
 The next that did with us Encounter,
 Was a fat *Serjeant* of the *Counter*,
 Who; Standing, call'd but for a Noggin,
 Which drank; — I thought he wou'd be jogging;
 But 'stead of that he calls for t' other,
 And drinks that off, and then another,
 Which being done, he sits him down,
 Whilst we in Silence dwelt profound;
 He from his Pocket drew a Paper,
 He'd better far have drawn a Rapier,
 And then began a long Narration
 Of Plots against the *Church* and *Nation*.

' This Paper here, says he, does tell
 ' Of Treasons that were hatch'd in Hell
 ' How after all the Screws were stole,
 ' And all the timber work round *Pauls*,

' Was loosen'd so (I pray you mind) as which
 ' As might Effect what they design'd, might in
 ' A lusty Man, as some folks tell, Trifling Matters
 ' Stood with a Rope invifible, Amongst the Wild
 ' Who was, at time prefix'd, 'tis said, Somebody
 ' To pull the Church down on his Head; Had
 ' Though, by the way, 'tis not uncivil which
 ' To say this Man must be the Devil, And that
 ' Who by the Whiggs was prompted to, This
 ' For how the Devil cou'd Mortal do't! And what
 ' It being a truth beyond Suggestion,
 ' Nor does it admit of a Question, Deep
 ' St. Pauls for Strength and Noble Fashion, Round
 ' Exceeds all Buildings in the Nation, But to
 ' And I'll lay any Man a Crown, Of this
 ' No Man in England pulls it down; 'Tis true
 ' And therefore, he that held the Rope, To see
 ' Must be the Dev'l or the Pope, But yet I never

Faith, says My Friend, I give you Credit, They could have such a dam'd Design
 If it was done the Devil did it: No Man was
 I've heard indeed some strange Relations, Others
 Of blowing up whole Realms and Nations, And
 And if Han't mistaken quite, And therefore
 I've read of something brought to light, 'Twas

Which, as it is not much amiss,
 Might justly be compar'd with this;
 Ith' Martyrs reign 'twas given out,
 Amongst the Wild unthinking Rout:
 Somebody who was over Witty,
 Had found a Way to drown the City,
 Which in it Self was somewhat clever,
 And that by blowing up the River:
 This was indeed to undermine,
 And was you'll say a deep Design.

' Deep, cries the *Serjeant*, ay Pox rot 'em;
 ' I'm sure the *Whiggs* were at the Bottom.
 ' But to go on with my Relation
 ' Of this same Plot against the Nation,
 ' 'Tis true, the *Whiggs* of late are Jealous,
 ' To see the *Tories* topping fellows:
 ' But yet I never can opine,
 ' They cou'd have such a damn'd Design
 ' To pull down all the *Church* at once;
 ' No Man was ever such a Dunce.
 ' Others, indeed, the Plot deny,
 ' And say the *Church* was built too high,
 ' And therefore, whilst 'twas in their Power,
 ' 'Twas fit to take it a *Screw* lower.

' So many are the various Stories,
 ' Some rais'd by *Whiggs*, and some by *Tories*,
 ' That if I had n't seen't in Print,
 ' I shou'd ha' swore there's nothing in't

At which up starts a Witty Fellow,
 Whose Brains were grown a little Mellow,
 And thus began a long Narration,
 Of which he had good Information;
 ' That neither *Low-Church*, nor *Dissenter*,
 ' Was e'er concern'd in this Adventure;
 ' For certain 'tis no Man was able:
 ' 'Tis altogether impracticable,
 ' E'er to be done by *Knaves* or *Fools*,
 ' Without the help of different Tools,
 ' And therefore in a Case so Nice,
 ' He had consulted with the Wife,
 ' Who were unanimous in this,
 ' That what was done, was done amiss;
 ' But positively for to say
 ' Who 'twas that took the *Screws* away,
 ' Or who it was that pull'd 'em out,
 ' 'Tis true, as yet remain'd in doubt;
 ' Yet all did this Conclusion bring
 ' From Sense and th' Nature of the Thing,
 ' Those pull'd 'em out that put 'em in;

- Not to endanger Church or State,
- But only more *Work* to Create,
- Knowing that when *St. Pauls* was finish'd,
- Their *Business* wou'd be much diminish'd,
- And therefore wisely made provision
- Against the time of their dismissal:
- To talk of *Plots* is all *Romances*,
- Nothing but *Notion*, and meer *Fancies*;
- By *Knaves* promoted, and by those
- Who are the *Queen's* and *Church's* Foes,
- And will lay hold on each *Occasion*,
- To raise *Divisions* in the *Nation*.

The rest to this having nought to say,
 We paid our Shot and went away.
 My Friend, who came to Town on purpose
 To hear what News, and Swill his Carcase,
 Concluded from what has been said,
 That all We *Londoners* were mad;
 For here, says he, you make a *Poet*,
 Quarrel at this, and that, and t^h other;
 And then fall out with one another.
 When, this *Infection* to prevent,
 Might I advise the *Government*,
 You shou'd be all to *Bedlam* sent.

